THE CRUISE

OF THE

U. S. S. DIXIE;

OR,

On board with the Maryland Boys

IN THE

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

A NARRATIVE.

By W. C. PAYNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
E. C. JONES, PRINTER.
1899.

APOLOGIES.

The author of this little volume does not pretend to be a competitor in the world of letters for literary honors or distinction, inasmuch as journalism is not his vocation and probably never will be. Therefore, the little story within this book does not solicit the attention and the scrutiny of book critics the same as would the composition of a "dashing" literary genius. Classical phrases and sentimental rhetoric is not aimed at, and certainly not reached by the author as he is aware of. The object is to tell a plain, but interesting story in a simple and wholesome way, relating nothing but that which did actually occur from day to day during the period of which we write. The author can boast of one thing, however, and that is, his motive for writing this story. Possibly no publication has had a better object to cater to than this little booklet. Aside from being a souvenir of the War with Spain, especially for the people of Maryland, and a true relic of the good ship Dixie—which will be immortal in the memory of the grand old commonwealth, whose sons made up its crew during the war—it is also intended to be a charitable work. The writer of it has undertaken to establish an Industrial School at Ponce, Porto Rico, and the profits which may accrue from this publication will be devoted to this noble and much needed work.

The Cruise of the U. S. S. Dixie.

A NARRATIVE.

After several weeks of anxious watching on the U. S. Receiving Ship Franklyn, which lay in port at Portsmouth Navy Yard, for orders to proceed to the U. S. S. Dixie, which was being fitted out at Newport News for our crew, our fondest hopes were finally realized by the appearance of Capt. C. H. Davis with the orders that our ship was ready and awaiting her crew, and that we should proceed to man her. It would be hard to describe the expressions of joy which were manifested among our men at the giving of this order. No man could lash his hammock too well or gird on his haversack too quick. All were imbued with the one idea—that the sooner we started the sooner we would return with victory. A small steamer soon put in its appearance, and we went aboard with our hammocks and clothing, and were soon gliding across the waters in the direction of Newport News, where laid our very large and beautiful cruiser with her big six-inch guns and her six six-pounders looking as if with a frown of wicked challenge to the

Spanish Navy with which she expected in some degree soon to compete. A cheer soon went up from our boys as they drew in sight of the noble spectacle.

It took but a few minutes to convey us to the deck of our Ship of War, and we immediately "turned to" and set about getting things in order. A few days and everything was ready for war on the Dixie.

A fashionable visit was paid our big ship just a few days before we pulled out from Newport News for Hampton Roads by two very distinguished parties who came aboard to wish God's blessing upon us, and pay their compliments to the good ship and her crew. The distinguished visitors were Mrs. C. H. Davis and her daughter Miss Elizabeth Davis, Senator and Mrs Henry Cabot Lodge, and some others whom we cannot now remember. These constituted the first party. The second one was made up with guests from Capt. I. E. Emerson's yacht. Among them were Mrs. Capt. Emerson and several society ladies of Baltimore, Md., Capt. Emerson and some official gentlemen from the State of Maryland The guests assembled in the captain's cabin after taking a good look at our ship and glancing with admiration and respect at our brave boys who were going to master it at sea, and with all our officers present feeling very happy at being honored with the presence of the distinguished well wishers, they joined in a light repast and

Capt. Chas. Henry Davis,

Commander U. S. S. Dixie.

refreshed themselves, with the toast "Success to the Dixie and her crew." The presence of our visitors inspired us all with more patriotism because we realized that our countrymen felt an interest in us and the cause for which we had espoused. Moreover, it made our ship have a home-like appearance while the ladies were aboard, and if they knew how much cheer and comfort they usually carry on board a ship they would make their visits more frequent. I am sure all of us regretted to see our distinguished visitors depart, feeling as if we might never meet again on earth.

Our men had not lost a day in idleness; target practice and drills of all kind necessary to the good of the Naval Service were participated in.

The next thing looked for by our men was a real, genuine fight, and with impatience did we wait for orders from Washington to move to the scene of action.

On June 13th the Quartermaster was ordered to hoist his sailing pennant, then we all knew that our orders had arrived at last.

Where were we to go? Every man seemed to have his own idea about this.

In their eagerness to know just what is going on aboard a War Ship (and that a sailor can not know, no more so than a private can in the Army) a man needs only to tell some most incredulous story, and all his comrades will know of it in less than ten minutes and gather about in squads

to discuss it; each blinding his own feelings to the false color of the story. Thus, among a crew of novice seamen there is always something going to happen, that never happens. From rumors prevalent on board the Dixie at the time of which I now speak, our old ship was going to perform many strange things in as many different sections of the world, but however we were under sailing orders and no man on board seemed to regret it. The fact that we were going out in anticipation of meeting some of the many Spanish commerce destroyers and war ships, which we had been informed through the daily press were threatening our coasts; yet not a single man shrank from what was supposed to be a perilous cruise of life and death for the young patriots. For a few hours we were kept quite busy taking on fresh provisions (such as are not carried in the ship's stores) after which the Chief Boatswain mate blew his sharp, piercing whistle, which always demands the attention of every man on board. After gaining the attention of his men he yelled out "All hands up anchor." It would be more interesting to the reader if I could but blow the Boatswain mate's whistle and make his yell right here, but as I can not do that, I can try to describe them, as this Jack Tar and his whistle are two essentials on board a fighting ship. In the first place the Boatswain mate receives his special orders from the officer of the deck, who

is supposed to be generally on the "bridge" or "look-out," then he puts his little silver whistle to his mouth and makes a half note of lower "do" and runs up to upper "do," which he holds long enough to count four beats, then he drops to lower "do" and finally cuts it off at upper "do" with a quarter-note. (If the reader knew how much, or rather how little, the writer of this little booklet understands of music, the above attempt to describe the boatswain mate's whistle would truly make them laugh), but there is a whistle which accompanies or rather precedes the command of this chief "Jack Tar," and I have only undertaken to blow one of his familiar airs, which he blows when he can't think of the right one. His yell—I know it—I will never forget it, because he would invariably call upon "all hands to do his bidding," and I felt as if I were one of those hands, as a matter of course. You would think the "all" had lodged in the poor fellow's throat, but finally he would cough it up. Sometimes "all hands spread awnings," "all hands up all hammocks," "stand by your scrub and wash clothes," "all the port watch below," etc.

But we are interested in the command which gave us all joy at Hampton Roads on June 13th, 1898.

"All hands up anchor!" That meant we were going to sail out on high seas to avenge the treacherous sinking of our noble ship Maine and for "Cuba Libre."

Before I leave our Chief Boatswain mate with his yells and whistles let me tell my readers that I do not wish to impress them that our chiefs were a bad set by any means. They were usually jolly and good.

Superintended by Ensign Geo. C. Lodge it did not take long to weigh anchor, since, as I have stated already, we were eager to get on the way.

Swiftly did we steam down the bay until we reached Cape Henry, where we came to anchor once more to the regret of all on board.

Of course we did not know what to make of this sudden interruption in our journey, which we hoped would hurry us to Cuba.

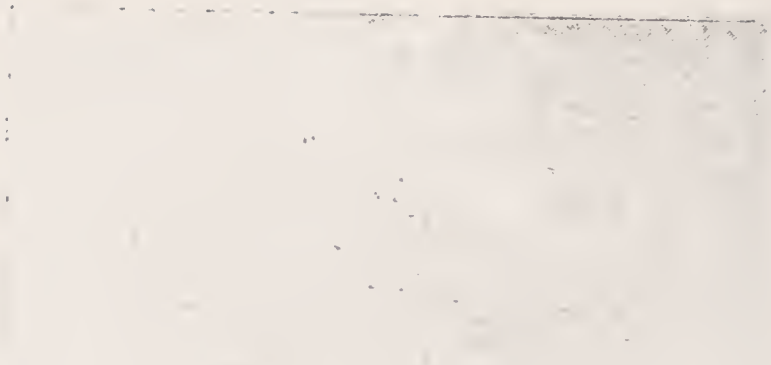
Soon one of the many small boats which the Dixie carried was called away by our little bugler boy.

It may interest the reader to know that all of our boats had their "cute" little names and our little bugler boys not only know all their names, about twelve or fifteen in all, but also knew by memory the tune which belonged to each name. The boat we now speak of was the Whale boat. After the Whale boat dropped into the surging billows of the sea her crew began to climb rapidly down into it, and Lieut. Lodge came forth with his sword buckled neatly to his side and climbed down into the boat taking charge of the crew. He gave orders to "shove off" and the boat's course was directed toward the lighthouse at Cape Henry. It was evident that this

Brave Charles Lewis,

The Ship's Bugler.

"I don't care how fast the shells fall, when the Captain wants me I will be here in my place, unless I am cut down by one of them."



would be a long row if they were going to the light-house, for we were fully five miles from that place. It turned out they did go to the light-house, and after an interval of a few hours returned and then it was we learned that the Dixie was to wait for another ship and that the Whale boat crew's errand to the light-house was to ascertain whether this ship had passed or not. It had not passed, and this necessitated our waiting over all night within the capes. The next day about 1 o'clock the Celtic steamed up to us, and Lieut. Merriam spoke to her through the speaking trumpet, inquiring as to her cargo and speed. It was with pleasure that we learned of the Celtic's great supply of fresh meat and other food, but we were not pleased to learn that she could only make ten or twelve knots an hour. We could make sixteen knots without forcing our engines in the least.

Capt. Davis commanded the Celtic to take the Mole St. Nicholas course and proceed under full steam.

In about two hours we had "weighed" and "stowed" our anchor and set out under full speed to overtake our consort, which must now be at least some twenty miles away. Soon we were upon the high seas, where but a few of our boys had ever seen before.

We caught up with the Celtic sometime before dark, and like two mighty black sea monsters we plowed through the billows side by side dur-

ing the following night. The next day we were many miles down the Virginia coast, and in the first part of the day we could see in the distance what probably might have been the last view of our American soil so beautiful and grand.

I would have nothing in particular to say about what happened on the day which we now speak of were it not for that dreaded water pestilence known as sea-sickness. This epidemic not being a dangerous one, generally makes considerable sport on board a ship, as it did in this case.

The first morning at sea presented a sympathetic spectacle on our ship; we were staggering, dropping and lying about anywhere and everywhere; very few wanted their breakfast. and those who did eat theirs, in many cases, could not keep it down, which made those who were more fortunate than to be sea-sick jovially ridicule their sick comrades about feeding Spanish mackerel against the wishes of Uncle Sam.

When the bugler sounded the sick call that first morning at sea, there were few indeed who did not go down to the "sick-bay" to receive nothing from the doctor but a sympathetic smile, which also indicated that he knew better than to feed his medicine away to Spanish mackerel, for there is no known cure for sea-sickness but to let it wear off in its own time. We found a favorable relief in eating another meal as quickly as possible after losing one; and in a day or two we were ourselves again.

It was on the third day of our voyage, so beautiful and clear, that we met the first sight of a ship, which we steamed after in order to ascertain her cargo. As far as I was able to learn the little boat was a fishing smack belonging to some of the British Isles. Its crew was evidently in sympathy with our cause, for as we drew near enough for them to see our big guns protruding out from our decks they gave a wild cheer for the United States. We did not send an investigating party aboard this little craft, which looked so lonesome on the "wide, wide deep," for as I before stated it was evident that she was only a little fisherman. Our consort had gained quite a distance on us when we turned our attention toward her and proceeded to catch up our lost position, which gave us a chance to spurt through the waters at full speed for an hour or two; for we must have been by this time in waters too dangerous to trust an unarmed vessel with a two hundred thousand dollar cargo too far from protection of our guns. Before we had gone ten "knots" we could see in the distance two steamers which seemed to be bearing down upon the Celtic at full speed; at least one of them seemed to be in the act of challenging the Celtic, and the other appeared to be trying to make her escape.

This is what I said at the time, and evidently it was our Captain's thoughts too; for when we came in signalling distance, the Captain ordered

the Celtic to change her course so that we could steam directly between the two (the Celtic and the strange Steamer.) It was evident that our suspected enemy was curious to know what we were; for she now turned her bow toward us and came straight and bold as if she meant to challenge us for a fight. We were now some three or four miles apart as yet and of course could not tell whether she carried a "battery" or not.

At this point general quarters were sounded on board our Ship, and every man ran to his station, and all the gunners quickly divested themselves of all clothing except shoes and pants; this is done so that they may not catch on fire from burning missiles which are very dangerous in battle or on board a Ship.

I have stated before that one of the strange steamers appeared to be trying to make her escape; this action upon her part made us suspect more vividly that it was a Spanish transport escorted by one of Spain's much talked of gun boats. The fact is, that we were judging others by ourselves. Scarcely had we taken our respective positions after the call to "general quarters" (which means go to your station to fight) before a big six inch gun on our port side I think, was fired across the bow of the seemingly impertinent stranger. For a few minutes hardly a breath was drawn on the Dixie, all our men stood as determined and immovable as the bright blue sky above, waiting to hear a similar reply to

which we would have answered with a broadside volley aimed directly at an unquestionable enemy. She was not an enemy, and instead of belching forth hot steel, smoke, and fire she "hoved to" and ran up the English flag, and dipped her colors three times in keeping with the rules of saluting a fighting ship at sea.

I conjecture that our officers knew something about this steamer because they did not board her to investigate her clearance papers; one reason was, however, that it was a steamer belonging to a reliable English firm, and as I afterward noticed our Navy did not mistrust a steamer belonging to a well known firm of Great Britain, except under strenuous circumstances.

Having satisfied ourselves as to this ship, we now proceeded to run down the other one, which, circumstances made us imagine, was stealing away. The Dixie was not long in overtaking her, and she also turned out to be a friend instead of an enemy. We were now in the latitude of the Bahama Isles, and as night came on we could see lights far from us through the distant darkness, and those of us who knew naught of navigation and less of our whereabouts on the sea, wondered if we would not chase those lights down to find whether or not they were ships of the enemy.

Captain Davis and Lieut. Doyle, our navigator, would have laughed to have known our thoughts on this subject, for they knew those

little islands and those light-houses by name, even on the darkest night.

The next morning, oh, what a beautiful sight to one who had never seen before an island of the sea! There lay before our eyes land! and we had not seen land for several days and nights.

We were now passing what is known to be Cat Island.

All day long we were passing the Bahamas. Island after island would pop up in the distance before us, which indeed presented a marvelous spectacle to our boys who had not taken this voyage before.

Peace undisturbed and sweet seemed to hover over those lofty hills of green forestry which stood so lonesomely out in the great deep ocean, and peace did exist there, for these were Great Britain's possessions and her subjects on these little islands love their mother country on account of her fair and impartial rule which knows not the color of her subjects nor their previous condition when before her courts of justice they demand their rights. Night again overtook us and buried these grand scenes beneath the cover of darkness, notwithstanding the stars and moon lit up the ocean with a silvery ray most beautiful to behold. Heaven itself seemed to smile its blessings upon the Dixie and her crew.

Day after day brought sunshine, night after night came with the stars and moon in all their

Officers of the Maryland Naval Reserves.

brilliancy, and whilst our sailor boys could not behold the beautiful islands at night, yet they may have found consolation in these words:

> The sun has bade the day farewell,
> And to other climes has gone; with
> All her golden light to tell of
> Another morning's dawn.
> She left behind the stars and moon
> To light our watery way; but she'll
> Return with gladness soon, bringing us
> Another day.

It did bring us another day, and a most exquisite one, too; but there was no land in sight. We had left the Bahamas far behind us and now we were going, plunging through the sea billows as if there was nothing before us but water, even though we ever kept going straight ahead. But this was not so, for suddenly there appeared before us a great high blue mountain rising above the sea like a mighty continent. It was the peaks of Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti. By this time every man aboard knew that we were bound for the harbor of Mole St. Nicholas, and it brought us much joy to know we were so near that place. A few hours passed after we first looked upon the mountains of Hayti, and then we were steaming slowly up into the little harbor of Mole St. Nicholas. To those unaccustomed to tropical climes there could be nothing grander than to behold with the natural eye the palms, banana trees and other beautiful plants which grow abundantly on these islands. As we approached

the little town, which was situated on the mouth of a valley that lay between two great mountain peaks of Mole St. Nicholas, we thundered out twenty-one guns, or in other words, twenty-one shots—the salute of our country—to the little Republic of Hayti. Hayti answered our salute with as many more shots from what seemed to be a shore battery on the edge of the town.

Within the harbor the waves were calm, undisturbed except by schools of flying fish, which seemed to make this particular place their playhouse. We did not "let go anchor," but drifted upon the calm waves, for we were not to spend much time at this place. We had stopped here for cabled orders, and as soon as a boat could be lowered and the crew got down into it, they were off for such orders as had arrived at Hayti for us. It had fallen the duty of Ensign G. C. Lodge to go for those orders. Although this was a pleasant duty, yet Mr. Lodge afterwards proved himself to be equally as willing and fearless in performing duties more daring and dangerous. I say it with pleasure that Mr. Lodge was a cool, collective and brave young officer, and well merited the respect of the Dixie's crew. I admired him. We were scarcely two hours at Mole St. Nicholas, but long enough, however, to enable a couple of New York newspaper men to come aboard and have a short chat in their own language, for they said they were tired trying to speak French Several "bum boats" also came

along by the side of us heavy laden with tropical fruits, and it is hardly necessary to add that they went away minus their fruit, for our boys never hesitated in spending their money for good things. After the return of our party we said farewell to the journalists, and turned our course toward Santiago de Cuba. When we were well on the way, and some 20 or 30 miles at sea, we saw a steamer coming from the direction in which we were going. As usual we got ready to fight, but as we drew nearer and nearer we found ourselves to be fellow countrymen, and the little steamer was Admiral Sampson's dispatch boat. We did not stop to say, "How is everything?" for that little yacht went by so swiftly that some of our boys made the remark that she was the Flying Dutchman.

About twilight we were passing in view of the hills of Cuba, and we could discern smoke rising up from some of the little inlets far ahead of us. This gave rise to a rumor that some little Spanish gunboats were trying to sneak into some Cuban port under the cover of darkness. This seemed to be probable and the Dixie, instead of going direct to Santiago, cruised about all night in hopes of running down a prize. But our hopes were not realized, and early next morning our ship steamed up to Admiral Sampson's fleet which lay in the memorable harbor of Santiago.

What a grand view it was to our boys to behold those mighty ships as they drifted about on

the ocean's waves, for they were not anchored, expecting to be attacked almost any moment by the enemy. They were kept ever ready to put to sea on a moment's notice. As we approached the ships we fired thirteen guns—the customary salute for the fleet. Our course was directed to the flagship New York, and we steamed slowly up near her and stopped our engine. Captain Davis then went aboard the New York to report to Admiral Sampson for further orders. From this point on the Dixie was consigned to do blockade duty on the southern coast of Cuba. We likewise bore the honor of being the flagship of what our boys like to call the "Southern blockade." We spent but a few hours with the fleet at Santiago and then we sailed as fearlessly away from our magnificent fleet as though there was no danger to fear.

We had already begun to taste the bitterness of war. Our fresh provisions were exhausted by the time we had reached Mole St. Nicholas and we had now commenced to live on sea stores. There was no ice machine on our ship and the ice we took with us hardly lasted ten days, and we were now drinking water as warm as the tropical sun made it. Yes, warmer, because we condensed all of it by machinery, and whilst probably the purest water man could drink, it was, however, always at blood heat when we drank it. But we were blest to have a plenty of pure water on our ship although it was warm water. There

were a few men on board, however, who did not care so much for water unless they were thirsty, and this made it necessary for the Master at Arms to institute what was called the "Dirty man's gang." Every morning you could hear the Master at Arms getting his dirty gang to muster, and whilst it was to be regretted that we had men on board who had to be made to keep themselves clean, yet it was not so bad when we allowed that only 15 or 20 out of our 300 men constituted the dirty man's gang. It was amusing to hear the command each morning at about 7 o'clock, "On deck to muster, all you dirty men," for each fellow whose name was on this roll knew that his command was as sacred as any other to the authorities of the ship, and he was accordingly as obedient as though he was going to perform an honorable task; and indeed did they become quite addicted to cleanliness for before we were mustered out of the service our dirty gang was extinct--thanks to Mr. William Austin, our Master at Arms. But our boys had other troubles of their own. We carried with us many bushels of new potatoes and onions, but the tropical regions soon reduced them all to a solid mass of rot, for they could not get sufficient air in the storerooms to keep them.

Before I resume the account of our experience on the blockade from Cape Croix to Cienfuegos, I will speak what I know with reference to the food, its preparation and other minor details con-

nected with the galley and the "mess" on board the Dixie. I feel as if I could give the Navy Department many points along this line if it was my duty to do so, not because I know so much in this direction, but because the feeding of privates seems to be considered a small feature in the affairs of the Army and Navy (I have had the honor of serving in both); but it should not be considered a small thing to feed our sailors and soldiers for his food is as essential to him as his service is to his country. If it requires the strength of every nerve of manhood to make a brave sailor and soldier, likewise does it require good food, properly prepared, to strengthen the nerves and physical features of men to serve in the capacity of sailors or soldiers. I do not wonder at so much being said on this subject since the war, for heretofore it has been greatly neglected. I know our mess was much poorer on the Dixie than was need to be, more especially on account of the incompetency of those who prepared it than on account of the inferiority of the food; for in some cases it was inferior, and in almost all cases it was not prepared to eat by skillful hands. These conditions brought forth many complaints from our boys, and not a few wrote the circumstances home to friends and relations which caused sorrow and dismay among them.

There was not a lack of provisions on board the Dixie. We had lots of it, such as it was—flour, pickled pork (salt horse), canned beef and

mutton, rice, beans, sugar, coffee, dried fruit, macaroni, and a variety of canned vegetables. But there was no experienced force to cook this food, for there was but two regular rated cooks for a crew of 300 men, and their duty was merely to attend the cooking of a dish of something after it had been prepared for the fire on the berth deck by what was called the berth deck cooks. These berth deck cooks were hopeless excuses as cooks—being men selected from the crew, or rather men who volunteered to save their comrades lives by messing up something for them to eat. What was greatly needed to add to the comfort of our boys was: first, a chief steward with one assistant. It is necessary to have a captain's steward, a wardroom steward, and a warrant officer's steward on board a ship, and I fail to see why it is not as essential to have a steward for the ship's crew as well. Second, there should be one cook to every thirty men in the crew of a ship, and these cooks should prepare the food as well as cook it.

A steward in the Navy should rate as a chief petty officer, so that the best men could be secured for those "billets." Ship's cooks No. 1, 2, and 3 should be rated as petty officers for the same reason, and should be selected with some regard as to their competency. However, I do not wish to say much more upon this subject for it is not my purpose to criticise any source in this little volume. I merely wish to refresh the

minds of my comrades who perchance may read this book, and carry them back over the scenes of war which they participated in and one they will never forget. Before I leave the subject I may add that one of the most abominable things to a soldier is a "hard tack." Hard tack need never be issued to a sailor whilst aboard his ship or to a soldier whilst in camp, yet it is done. Why not have regular bakers to make bread? Hard tack was very justly called by our boys "a relic of barbarism."

We had plenty of flour on board, but as there was no one of experience found to make bread there was not much bread made. There were many attempts at making bread, but this bread was usually styled "armor-piercing shells" by the jolly fellows who had to eat it. I said before that there were many complaints made by our boys as to their daily experience at sea with Uncle Sam and his ill treatment to them. Whilst some of our complaints were very well founded upon circumstances which might have been different, yet too often did some of the boys grumble for naught, or because they could not get mama's pie and milk. This was only in a few cases, however. One young man wrote something like this to his mother: "Dear mother, we are having a hard time here; the officers treat us like dogs and we don't get anything to eat but meat, hard tack, sometimes bread, vegetables, and coffee." Of course, but two other things

Lieut. S. M. Blunt.

were needed to make this young fellow happy—milk and pie or cake, and probably his mother thought it very mean because he did not get them.

Another amusing complaint was made to the executive officer, Mr. Merriam. A hearty young fellow walked up to the First Lieutenant and saluted him like a gallant hero and said: "Mr. Merriam, you will certainly have to do something about our coffee. Why, it is so hot when we get it that we can't drink it." Mr. Merriam held up his hands disgustingly and shook his head. He replied in the same good faith as had marked the young man's address to him: "My boy, I expect the cook puts that coffee on the fire. Tell him he must not make coffee on the fire, for it will surely make it hot." Be it said to the credit of that young man, he "took a tumble." It is very generally thought that commanders of ships in the Navy always have an abundant supply of luxuries, which they purchase out of their private purses, of course. But this was not the case with Capt Charles H. Davis, and as I have taken the liberty to speak of this most excellent gentleman and soldier, I wish to say to my readers that no man on board our ship had the same opportunity as I did to note his customs and conduct, as well as the perplexing questions arising from the conditions of war, accompanied with the problem of making a successful cruise with a force of raw recruited seamen.

I must emphasize that the world will never know how great a man Captain Davis is, or how great he would have proven himself to be had the same opportunities presented themselves to him as they did to others in this war. Many little instances may appear hereafter which will verify this fact, which I shall mention as natural coincidences and not as a plaudit to anyone.

Had all our boys but known as I did that Capt. Davis sacrificed many comforts which he could have easily obtained and did not do so (because conditions of war made it impossible for his men to enjoy the same privilege), they would never cease to admire him. For instance, when I wanted to put in a stock of choice sea stores before we left home, the Captain said: "No, William, it is not necessary. The paymaster carries plenty of all such things and we can buy them of him the same as the ship's company." Consequently the stores that we laid in did not last ten days, and then we did draw on the Paymaster's stores the same as the ship's company. The difference was—and it may be called a big difference too—that skilled hands prepared the food for the Captain's table whilst there was no such provision made for the ship company's mess. Of course, the reader knows that this was not the Captain's fault.

The Captain grew tired of his pork and beans, cod fish cakes made of rice as a substitute for potatoes, and his salt mackeral as well as the

rest of us. I don't know what the Captain wrote home to Mrs. Davis, but I know one day, just a week or so before we sailed for home I had a salt mackerel put before him for lunch. He looked at it and then looked at the cabin boy who was waiting on him, and smiled one of his significant expressions and said: "John, open that porthole." John promptly obeyed. The Captain in a most cool and dignified manner arose and pitched that mackerel into the sea saying: "You miserable creature, I hope you will be fresh when we meet again." Not many days from this date we were in our country's port and I had put before the Captain a nice broiled mackerel, but this time it was not a salt one. Evidently the Captain had grown by custom to identify salt with a mackerel on sight, for he said with the same self-composure as before, "John, open that porthole"; but John had the biggest joke of the whole trip on his Captain and did not fail to appreciate it. With the look of one who knows when he has the big end of the stick, said: "Captain, that is the fresh mackerel you threw into Guantanamo Bay." John did not have to open the porthole any more.

There was a place on board our ship where the rarest luxuries did exist; that was the wardroom. Our line officers freely spent their money for their table support. This was their own private affair, of course, and the point which I raise will be, I think, indorsed by every officer of the ward-

room. The point is that there could not have been a worse wardroom service in the world than that of our cruise on the Dixie, and the reason for it was that experienced men had not been selected to perform the specific duties of that establishment. The wardroom steward, whom I think was a good fellow and understood his business, tried hard to keep up his department, if he tried to do so and failed. What was the cause of his failure? As I have stated before that stewards have no official standing in the Navy of the United States, therefore they can not enforce system and maintain discipline in their respective departments, hence the cause of poor service in them.

After offering to the public my apology for going into these minor details we will return to our little blockading squadron, which consisted of the Helena, Yanktum and Eagle; the Yankee also spent some time with us on the Southern coast of Cuba.

Now we find ourselves off Cape Croix with the Dixie as the flagship of our little fleet of auxiliary cruisers. As we steamed up to almost, yes, quite within hailing distance of the light-house at this place, we could see many Spaniards taking to their heels in flight from the light house, for they had probably heard of the destruction of the light house at Cienfuegoes by one of our ships, which happened some time prior to our arrival. But our Captain did not deem it expe-

dient to destroy a defenseless light-house, which in the time of peace is a seaman's best friend, and not his enemy in time of war. So after satisfying himself that there was no shore battery around Cape Croix, we spent the remaining part of the day cruising around in the same vicinity and sounding for the depth of the waters, for it was very essential to know the channels around the coast where there were many reefs.

Whilst sounding about that afternoon we spied a little craft far out among the capes, no doubt making for Manzanilla with some good things for General Pando. Fortunately for the general and that little vessel we could not run her down on account of the shoals. It had slipped by early in the morning and by this time had gone beyond our reach, and but for the lack of wind would already have been within harbor, is very probable. Our boys looked across the sea at her wistfully for we wanted a prize very much.

The next day we directed our course toward Casilba. This voyage kept the Island of Cuba in view from our starboard side all the while, and it was a beautiful picture for we could see the many little islands, reefs, inlets and the high peaks of Santa Clara province as well, which marks this part of Cuba with especial interest. It was a most excellent day and whilst we were yet many miles from Casilba we could see the large trees which shaded that little harbor from view. Under full steam we steamed ahead hop-

ing to catch some Spanish prey trying to sneak in or out of Casilba.

It was nearly in the afternoon when we passed by the long peninsula reef which hid the little town from view, and with the use of sea glasses one could see a few sailing craft, a Spanish cruiser under repair, and two small gunboats, which appeared to be the only visible defence the harbor had.

As we passed along near the shore about two miles north of Casilba we could see the city of Trinidad, which must have been about 15 miles off, blazing beneath the warm sun like a beautiful city of marble palaces. It looked so white and clean in the distance, high upon the mountain side that for a moment our minds reverted to the beautiful passage of Scripture: "Peace on earth and good will unto men." Yes, war was forgotten and all nature seemed to dispel the horrible idea of spilling the blood of man. For a few brief minutes we gazed upon that sublime picture—a white city sitting upon a hill that is not hidden from the world.

But the white winged angel of peace did not hover around us long, for just about 3 miles from our ship along the coast, which underlies Trinidad, were earthworks and some dangerous cannon were planted there as the cause of those suspicious looking mounds about the shore, and before we could pass them the Spaniards began to plunk at us with those guns as if to warn us that

there was no peace even for the weary around these regions.

There were several shots fired from these batteries, but as they fell far short of their mark and were perfectly harmless our Captain was at first inclined to treat them with contempt; at least, we thought so, for he continued to steam on, but evidently it was not in his mind to allow the Spaniard to escape so lightly, for he had not gone two miles when he said: "Doyle, (speaking to the navigating officer) I think we had better go back and try to displace some of these guns; whilst they can't do us any harm they may be an impediment to our Army in the future should they wish to land along there."

Upon this suggestion the Dixie was headed around and we steamed back to these little batteries, and being careful not to get too near the shore, for fear of mines, our ship was brought to. Meanwhile the enemy had begun firing upon us again, but their activity gave us no apprehension whatever, and instead of blazing away at them, hit or miss, our gunners were ordered to take deliberate aim at the spot where smoke should arise from the enemy's gun on being fired.

Our aim was both deliberate and true, and the enemy's battery could not withstand the terrible volleys of our "six inchers," and in less time than it takes to tell the story we had silenced every gun on those works. Having accomplished

this end we again started around the coast toward Cienfuegos looking out for blockade runners. About 10 miles up the coast from Casilba is a small stream, which flows down the valley southward, known I think as the San Juan River. Sitting upon a hill at the mouth of this stream was a block house. It did not have that appearence, however; it looked like a country farmhouse with a few outer buildings made of brush with thatched reefs and mud dobbings. And by the way, we had an old Cuban pilot on board with us who knew every mile of that country around the coast, and he told us that there was a small cannon mounted at the place of which we now speak, which was used to keep small vessels from taking military expeditions up the valley to where there was a big insurgent camp.

Captain Davis seized this splendid opportunity for giving his men some target practice, and after some preliminaries we got down to business and soon began to bombard that block house and the little chicken-coop looking building as well. Some 40 or 50 Spaniards tumbled out of the block house, and even with the naked eye one could see them taking to the jungles in fright from one shell. In a few minutes the block house began to belch forth smoke and flames, and we realized that we had finished its mission on earth.

We did not stop to waste words on what we had done for we were making a sweeping cruise along the southern coast paying brief respects to

any Spanish fortifications which came within our view.

After this little bombardment we proceeded again toward Cienfuegos, but we had hardly gone five miles before we discovered a big Spanish flag flying over a beautiful, but little fortification which was strongly constructed of heavy stones and somewhat architectually put together. In this little Morro, which rested upon a little peak that overlooks a small bay. Two guns of an ordinary calibre were mounted for the purpose before stated—that is, to check the landing of filibusters. We soon discovered this point to be the object of a general interest among the officers on deck from the fact that they were viewing the little fort with their sea glasses. Within a few minutes our ship was so near the fort that its destruction seemed to be a matter of a few shots from our six-inch guns.

Up to this time we had not exchanged shots. Possibly our enemies had not as yet recognized our nationality, for as soon as the Captain gave orders to lower the small and hoist the large flag, which seemed to catch the breeze immediately, two shots were fired from the little fort. By this time general quarters were sounded and we were all at our posts, and upon the command of "fire," so quick and terrific was our reply that the little fort was not able to fire but one more shot.

Not satisfied with the dismounting of those

two guns—for they could have been remounted had we not reduced the little fort to mere fragments. To our boys twenty minutes could not have been enjoyed anywhere better than we enjoyed them at this place.

The sun was reclining in the western sky and and there was not a cloud to be seen. Our gunners seemed to have profited by this recent practice, for there was never an aim more precise and true than that aimed at this little white stone fortress. As the six-inch shells from our guns pierced the walls of the fortification they seemed to part wide open and melt down as if a mighty volcano had sprung up beneath it.

In the rear of where the fort had stood we could now see a frame building, and the big Spanish flag seemed as if it floated from the top of this building. Our efforts were accordingly turned toward the demolishing of this house so that the flag might bite the dust. We very soon had the top of this building tumbling to and fro, but the flag would not fall.

Some of the boys jokingly remarked that they would like to go over and see what was it that propped up the flag staff. But it was soon discovered that the flag was not floating from the frame house, for the frame house was no more, but the flag continued to wave its defiance. Captain Davis ordered the firing to cease, and added that the flag was flying from a pole, which was secured in the ground, and that it would be a

waste of ammunition to try to strike so small a thing at so great a distance.

The shades of evening were now fast appearing and the Captain had the ship return to a point off San Juan River where we encountered the first blockhouse. At this place we drifted about all night, and indeed not this night alone, but many weary nights did we spend off the coast near this point. The following day of which we now speak brought a change of incidents.

We took a spurt up to Cienfuegos, starting about half past eight. There was nothing unusual going on around Cienfuegos, but as we turned eastward and was plungiug through the high seas we saw big puffs of black smoke rising from the distant waters. This is what we liked to see. As some of the boys put it, we wanted to find him bad.

The smoke which we were making for seemed to be making for us also, and nearer and nearer we drew to each other General quarters sounded and we ran to our several posts of duty, but not to fight, for hardly had we sent up a round of shells and powder when retreat sounded, and by the time we reached the gun deck our sister ship, the Yankee, gallant Captain Brownson commanding, which we had been making for. was coming along by the side of us.

It was always agreeable to have company in these lonesome waters, so the Yankee was hailed with as much delight as would have been a

Spanish cruiser--the difference is that we would have had more fun with the latter.

The Yankee remained with us several days in this vicinity, and in the mean time the Helena, the Yanktum, and the Eagle reported to Captain Davis and received their orders about maintaining the blockade. The next day after the arrival of the Yankee we steamed about 13 miles west of Cienfuegos to communicate with some insurgents who were encamped in the jungles near the beach. This was indeed a most interesting day with us. As we drew near the insurgent's camp we blew our whistle, that being a signal to them of our approach.

This was quite a favorable position for us as we could get close enough to the shore to see the Cuban soldiers lined up in companies. We lowered a small boat which was sent ashore in charge of Lieut. Merriam for the purpose of ascertaining something of the needs of the insurgents. When that boat's crew returned it brought the most startling news of distress and suffering that has ever been heard of anywhere except in Cuba.

I will tell the story as it was related to me by some of the boys who saw it. Of course, the center of attraction to us was the Cuban soldiers. One look at them was enough to convey every conceivable horror of war to the observer. Their faces were pinched with hunger, their clothes were tattered and torn, some were sick without

Lieut. Wm. M. Goodrich.

the slightest kind of medicine, whilst others were wounded without even linens with which to wrap their sores.

There were many youths not more than twelve years old standing side by side with the older soldiers, armed with machetas and rifles. Our Captain made this a day of rejoicing for the Cubans for he ordered the lowering of two more boats and loaded them to their utmost capacity with barrels of meat and flour and boxes of other provisions.

These three boats were sent to the insurgents together with 36 Remington rifles and 2,000 rounds of cartridges. The boys also gathered together all the old clothes which could be given away and sent them to the Cuban soldiers. I must also add that Dr. Heiskell, our very efficient surgeon, sent a good supply of medicines along with the other valuables.

When those boats returned they brought with them a Cuban captain and two privates who wished to communicate with the colonel of their regiment, who was located somewhere between Trinidad and Cienfuegos. The reception given to those three men by our boys will never be forgotten by the Cuban captain and his two compatriots. Our Captain had the first interview with them which lasted some 10 or 15 minutes, and by this time supper was ready and our guests fell an easy prey into the hands of the ship's caterers,

for they had not lately been accustomed to their three square meals a day.

The Cuban captain dined with the wardroom officers and the privates with the ship's company according to rank. Our plain fare was a sumptuous feast for the Cubans, and it did us good to see them enjoy themselves so heartily.

After supper we dressed the two privates up in new sailor uniforms, which pleased them highly. "Now," said one of them, "the Spaniards will call us Yankees." After lighting a couple of cigarettes from a supply which our boys had given them, the Cubans made a general inspection of the Dixie and her big guns.

Bright and early the next morning we put them on board of the Yanktum, which was a little gunboat capable of getting much nearer the shore than we could, with orders that they should be put off wherever they desired. They requested to be put off somewhere between San Juan River and Casilba, and the commander of the Yanktum endeavored to land them at the place designated, and in doing so was compelled to proceed several miles down the coast, the Dixie remaining behind.

Less than an hour we heard a terrific cannonading down the coast in the direction of Casilba and we felt sure that the Yanktum had engaged the enemy's ships—possibly those two little gun boats which I have described as being in Casilba Harbor. In less than five minutes the Dixie was

under way at full speed and making her way to the relief of the Yanktum, as we thought, for the thundering of big guns continued to echo along the coast.

As we drew near enough to see the Yanktum sure enough there were two ships instead of one, and each banging away, but not at each other. It turned out to be that the Yanktum had met up with the Eagle at the point where the effort to land the scouts had been made, and as the Yanktum had been fired upon from the shore by a company of Spanish cavalry our two little boats were returning the compliments of the Spaniards by throwing some American explosives in their midst, and this accounted for the cannonading that had brought us upon the scene.

The commander of the Yanktum reported to our Captain that the Spaniards were entirely too active along the shore to warrant the landing of the Cuban party, although they had dispersed the company of soldiers and killed several. The only fitting alternative was to take the scouts back to their camp, which we did. Whilst the Yanktum went to carry the Cubans back the Dixie and the Eagle went down the coast to Casilba where we engaged the two gunboats, which I have already described as being at that place, in battle, which was exciting though of short duration.

The Dixie sounded her way up to the reef as near as possible, and the gunners were ordered

to take deliberate aim at the most formidable looking one of the two Spanish gunboats. Both of these boats answered our shots promptly, and the big one started out from the harbor under full speed apparently, and we looked for a brisk encounter to follow.

We had been firing up to this time deliberately and using only the ammunition which we carried at our guns for sudden emergencies, but on seeing our enemy coming out to meet us our captain commanded general quarters to be sounded, adding: "If that boat comes out, I will sink her or she must sink me."

By this time the little companion of the larger boat had also gotten up steam, but alas! she had also got a shell in her side either from our boys or the Eagle's, and she could be seen steaming slowly towards the beach. "Uncle Sam" had temporarily put it out of commission.

The Dixie was now directing her entire port side battery against the other Spanish boat, and so accurate and precise was the aim of our boys that we completely disabled our adversary before she could get half way out of the harbor.

The ideal thing for us to have done, and that which we wished to do at the time, was to have gone into the port and seized it. but the channel of Casilba was not over 20 feet deep and the Dixie drew 30 feet of water, thus rendering it impossible for us to carry out such a programme; and although we had the port completely at our mercy,

but for the shallowness of the water we were compelled to abandon it. With the consolation of knowing that we had crippled these two Spanish boats, which made it safer for our transports that might thereafter pass in these waters during the war, the Dixie left Casilba never to return again with the same crew, or under the same circumstances.

We had now spent several energetic weeks on the blockade and July 1 found us cruising off Manzanilla trying to find a channel navigable for our ship to enter that harbor. On account of the many reefs and shoals one must encounter with before reaching the main entrance to Manzanilla, we were sounding three days for sufficient depth to float "big Dixie" through. Two of our smaller boats had previously gone up into Manzanilla and fought with nine Spanish gunboats, and afterwards reported to the Dixie that they had gotten into a hornet's nest—meaning that they found more opposition than they expected to be in Manzanilla.

Indeed they looked to have been in a "hornet's nest," for they were scared from the effects of their battle, and one of them was disabled to the extent that it had to come home for repairs.

Captain Davis was not at all pleased with the idea of a part of his squadron being repulsed, hence his ambition to get into Manzanilla for revenge. But we could not get there after trying persistently for three days, but it is sufficient to

say that our two little gunboats completely wrecked four of the Spanish boats which had attacked them.

Early one morning as we were cruising in the vicinity of Manzanilla we spied two sail boats trying to run the blockade. They had a fair wind but we discovered them before they had time to make their escape. They were bent on making their escape, however, and did not heed the shells which we put across their bows, and not until we fired two shots directly at them, which splashed the water upon their decks, did they heave to.

We sent a boarding party to each of them and found them to be heavily ladened with provisions for the Spaniards. Lots of good thing for General Pando, but those good things that he looked for, never came; the Dixie boys captured them and sent them to the United States as just prizes, but for some reason which will probably never be known, even to the authorities themselves, these blockade runners were afterwards released by our Government, and likewise was the Greenan Castle, the Manenbia, and others which we took. Lieut. Blunt was put in charge of these two vessels with four marines and six sailors from our ship, they set sail for the United States. Early the next morning, July 4th., we captured the Greenan Castle, a little steamer, which was heavily ladened with provisions, among which were 5 dozen chickens, some yams and plantins. These delicacies were of course intended for some of

the Spanish captains, but as Captain Davis and his officers had long since run out of these dainties, they broke the news to the Spaniards through the "Press," that they should not look for those chickens and vegetables for they were not coming home.

We took all the perishable goods from the little steamer, and divided them among the ship's crew, and put Lieutenant Smith aboard her, and sent her home as another worthy prize. Instinct as a fighter seemed to have been drawing Captain Davis around to Santiago on the memorable day, July 4th, for we had started around there, when we caught the Greenan Castle. No doubt we would have intercepted the escaping Spanish ship Christobol Colon, had not the Captain of the Castle informed us of a big three-masted schooner being on its way from Kingston with a hundred thousand dollar cargo on board.

We put to sea hoping to find this prize, but we did not sight her and returned to the light-house of Cape Croix to watch out for her during the night. but it did not put in its appearance. We proceeded to Santiago for we were in much need of coal, which we could not get without first going to Admiral Sampson for orders. On our way to Santiago we met the U. S. S. Osceola. She steamed up to us and her commander hailed us with these words: "Have you heard the news?" Captain Davis answered, "What news?" "The fleet is sunk." When the Commander spoke those

words and paused, every man's heart on board our ship began to choke him, for we thought only of our fleet at Santiago. "What fleet?" asked our Captain. "Cevera's fleet is entirely de-destroyed." "And what about the fatalities on our side?" "Oh! one man killed and several wounded slightly." "Did we not lose any ships?" "No!" Cheers! Cheers!! Cheers!!! went up from our crew, and we could not go fast enough to Santiago.

On our arrival before the harbor, we could see the sunken Spanish ships lying on the beach, that is as much of them of them as could be seen protruding above the water. We were sent to Guantanimo Bay for coal, where we learned that the Dixie was designated to go to Spain with Commadore Watson's fleet to threaten the commerce of that country along its own coast.

This was a good bluff, and it worked charmingly, before we could get our coal on board Spain was seeking terms of surrender. After we had filled our bunkers with coal and piled sacks full of it until it looked as if we were going to supply the fleet with coal we were ordered to Porto Rico. The Massachusetts, Yale, Columbia, and Dixie left Guantanimo for Porto Rico together; escorting seven transports of soldiers under the command of General Miles; thus we shifted the scenes of war from Cuba to the Isle of Porto Rico; we were several days and nights passing the northern coast of San Domingo, dur-

ing which time it was our pleasure to run down several sailing vessels, which we suspected as being blockade runners.

We found them all to be friendly merchantmen, however, from some parts of America. We were fortunate in meeting up with a little Nova Scotian sailing craft, which was on its way to Porto Rico for a cargo of sugar, for she had on board a sufficient supply of provisions to cover the several weeks, which would be required to make this trip, and being informed that she must not go to Porto Rico, her alternative was to return home, which gave us the opportunity to buy her surplus vegetables; several barrels of potatoes, onions, bananas and so forth, for we were greatly in need of vegetables.

There was a lady sailor on this little craft. She was the captain's wife, and our salute, which was fired across their bow had frightened her more than a West India cyclone would have done and when we were taking charge of our fresh supply of vegetables, the lady asked me, "What would you all have done, had we not stopped, when you fired the shot across our bow?" I answered, "We would have sunk your vessel, picked up her crew, and at the proper time, conveyed you to your happy home."

We were not many hours reaching the San Juan coast after leaving our little Nova Scotian, where we found the New Orleans (Capt. Folger) guarding that port against intrusion of blockade run-

ners, and we spent the night with the New Orleans, for she evidently looked lonesome in these strange waters. Next morning we proceeded on our way to Guanica, and had not gone many miles down the coast, when we captured the Maneubia, put a prize crew on board of her, and sent her to the United States. The same afternoon we arrived at Guanica, where we found our consorts unloading their soldiers and cargo.

We learned with great joy, that our Army had met with little or no resistance to their landing, and the outposts had already been established without the loss of a man. The Spanish soldiers seemed to have been waiting for the cover of darkness to give them a favorable opportunity to let loose their ghosts; for no sooner did the stars appear before they began firing upon our posts, and the firing was kept up all night by both sides, but little or no damage was done on either side. The following day to our arrival at Guanica, Captain Higginson, who was senior Naval officer, at this port and commanding the U. S. S. Massachusetts, held a conference with Captain Davis, during which time it was decided that the Dixie should take two of our little gun boats and seize the harbor of Ponce, which lay about 15 miles to east from Guanica. We did not lose any time getting to Ponce. As soon as our Captain came on board from his visit to the Massachusetts he ordered "up-anchor" and we pulled out for Ponce. We expected to meet with considerable

opposition at Ponce, at least we expected to encounter some shore battery and musketry, consequently we mounted one of our rapid firing guns upon the superstructure and barricaded the gunner's position with bales of cotton waste. This little gun was capable of doing much injury to a body of troops on shore at fifteen hundred yards, having the capacity of firing four hundred shots a minute, and scattering her bullets like hail would fall among a pressing crowd. We also put sacks of sand around each of our big guns for specific purposes, and with the Wasp and the Annapolis, the two little boats which I have already mentioned, we steamed into the port of Ponce in the afternoon of July 27th. Captain Davis proceeded to demand the surrender of the city by equipping eighteen marines, and as many sailors with arms and ammunition and sending them ashore under tho command of Lieutenant (now Captain) Haines of the U. S. Marine Corps, Mr. Merriam and Lieut. H. C. Lodge, U. S. N. No one but God knew what calamities awaited the little hand full of men who climbed down into the boat which was to convey them to Spanish soil to demand its surrender to the stars and stripes. Unflinchingly, without hesitation or despair, they hastily made ready to go over to the shore to take possession of Ponce.

From where we had anchored we could see already thousands of people, who were curiously assembling on the wharf.

As our little boat load of heroes pushed off from the Dixie the chorus was taken up by all of those who remained on board, "Good-bye, boys," but steadily the oarsmen pulled away and sterner looked those brave fellows who were leaving us possibly not to return. We watched them as they neared the shore, and although they were under a flag of truce, we had not forgotten what the Spaniards had done under similar circumstances in disregard of the truce flag. We could see them as they disembarked, and as they marched up the wharf, where they were lost to our view in the distance. Not more than a half hour had elapsed before we saw our flag run up over a building, and heard loud burst of cheers from the enormous crowd, which had collected near the wharf. This building turned out to be the custom house, of which we had taken possession. Messrs. Haines and Lodge went direct to the city hall and demanded the surrender of the city in the name of the Navy of the United States.

The "Captain-General," "Lord Mayor," or whatever his imperial highness was called, did not readily agree to give up and concede to our demand. There were several thousand Spanish troops within a few miles of Ponce, and he wanted time to communicate with the Governor and troops.

There was great excitement in Ponce that night—that memorable night, to its natives (July

27th). There was a special meeting of the city council, and I learned that they passed resolutions to turn the town over to the Americans, but the Royal Mayor would not sign their decree. In the meantime the native Porto Ricans had come together and decided to send a committee to our ship to confer with the officers, and pray that they would not fire upon the town. The committee came on board the Dixie about six o'clock in the evening. It was a real high-toned committee, consisting of the British Consul and two other distinguished men of the Island. As their little boat pulled up near the Dixie our sentinel challenged the party with the phrase, "boat ahoy." The committee's coxswain did not know how to answer this challenge, so one of the party cried out, "Don't shoot," in English. We did not shoot them, nor did we intend to shoot anybody whilst things were going on so smoothly.

Captain Davis and Mr. Merriam, who had by this time returned from ashore received the gentlemen in the cabin.

The British Consul was the chief spokesman, and his first remark was, "We come to ask you not to fire on the town; our families are at your mercy."

To this Capt. Davis replied, "It is not our wishes to hurt any one and hope we will not have to, but the authorities of this city must surrender to the authority of the United States. I de-

mand it, and will give you until 6 o'clock to-morrow morning to do it."

Then the Consul answered, "Well, the town is practically yours now, and we will try to prevail upon the city council to give up gracefully." "If they don't," said Captain Davis, "they will have to suffer the consequences." The envoys left our ship promising to work on the matter of giving the city over to us by the time which had been set, and they must have performed their duties well in this particular, for they returned to the Dixie about 12 o'clock that night answering the sentinel's challege in the same unseaman like style which characterized their first visit, "Don't shoot," which probably helped the sentinel to identify them.

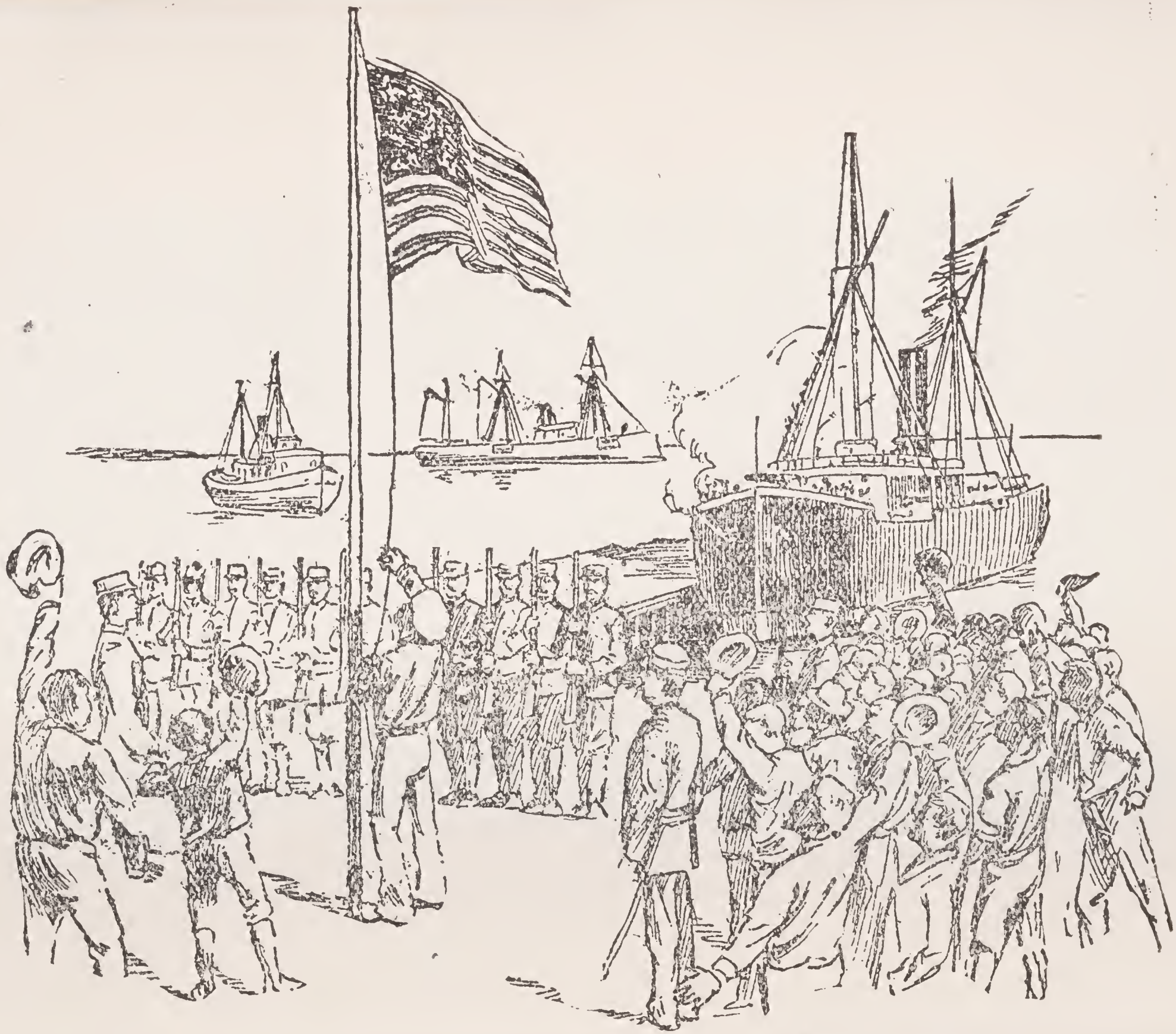
That invincible committee of three had returned to inform Captain Davis that the Spanish authority had agreed to the lowering of their flag the next morning without giving us occasion for disturbing the people's peace. Mr. Merriam and Lieut. Lodge with a company of seamen went ashore at 6 o'clock the next morning and promptly marched to the city hall where they hauled down the Spanish ensign and hoisted Old Glory in its stead. When they returned, somewhere between 8 and 9 o'clock, the Massachusetts with General Miles, and two transports well loaded with troops steamed into the port.

The work of unloading the troops began at once, which was made decidedly easy by the use

of many sugar lighters which we had captured on our arrival. These were used as ferries to convey the troops from the large troop ships which could not get up to the wharf to land. There was a cable at Ponce, but I think it was necessary to send someone to St. Thomas (Danish West Indies) to arrange for the use of it. Colonel James Allen, who had proven himself to be a brave, energetic and efficient signal corps officer, was selected to go to St. Thomas to attend to this business and the Dixie was designated to convey Col. Allen there.

Without any further ceremony we left Ponce as suddenly that afternoon as we had arrived there the evening previous, and proceeded directly to St. Thomas, a beautiful little port, where we arrived the next morning at 10 o'clock elated with the idea of having the opportunity at last to get some fresh provisions which we had not had in weeks. After firing the usual salute in honor of the country of Denmark, which is also a sufficient signal for the merchants of the town to know that a man-of-war has arrived, the bum boats and salesmen began to swarm around our ship, all anxious to make a sale of their wares.

Some of these little boats was a complete store within themselves, at least their occupants knew how to cater to the sailor boys' wants judging from the supplies of confectioneries, cigars, tobacco, bay rum, etc., although the latter is not allowed on board a United States warship, because sailors drink it and become intoxicated.



The Dixie laying claim to the City of Ponce August 28, 1898.

It goes without saying that those bum boats did a thrifty business, for luxuries had become rarities in the extreme with us, and we bought that which we wanted, and that we did not want; the only thing which stopped us was that we bought in the whole stock, and had to quit after there was nothing else to buy. There was no war going on at St. Thomas, but war rates for provisions held the fort just the same. We paid 60 cts per dozen for eggs, $2 per bushel for potatoes, and $20 per ton for ice. We did not "kick" a bit on the prices, though. Everything was high but rum; rum was cheap enough but it had no business on board the Dixie. Bay rum found its way on board our ship, however, for it was smuggled through the port holes to a large degree, and some of the boys smelt like a barber shop on their inside for several days.

There was no general shore liberty granted our boys at St. Thomas as we only expected to spend a few hours in port, and perhaps it was better so, for four or five weeks at sea had made us quite thirsty, and no doubt if we had gone ashore for recreation we would have hurt ourselves drinking at the sailor's well.

Those of us who had business ashore at St. Thomas went and performed it like men and returned to our ship, leaving praise behind us for our good conduct.

When I went on board that afternoon, after having been ashore on duty, the executive officer

had a fireman before the "mess" who had drank too much bay rum. This fellow was not one of the Baltimore boys. He was an Englishman who had enlisted at Newport News, Va., having fired on the El Rio before she was called the Dixie. This man was wild. He fought, cried, and said he wanted to see the Admiral, meaning the Captain, and concluded by saying, "If you will let me see the Admiral he will give me back my bay rum and let me go to sleep."

Mr. Merriam had him put where he could sleep for a few days, but he did not let him see the Admiral or give him back his bay rum.

If I am permitted to digress a little from our story I will say it is yet a question whether it is not better to have a canteen systematically conducted on board a "man-of war," where sailors can enjoy the same privilege as a private citizen, drinking moderately, being allowed to indulge only to a limited degree each day, rather than make themselves fools before the public when they get ashore after having to play the part of an "abstainer" for a period against the pleasure of many of them, and besides it might be well to thus regulate the sailor's habit, for if there is any such thing as "force of habit," and I am sure there is, a hard drinking sailor might conform to the laws of habit and become satisfied with his certain number of drinks each day, and when he would get shore liberty he would surely not be quite so thirsty as a man who has done

without drink altogether. Besides, the canteen could be turned to a great advantage to the sailor's mess. There would be profit accruing from the canteen, of course, and this would be spent for extras in the mess. I have not gone into this subject as an apologist for the use of alcoholics. I believe in temperance in all things and in all places, the Navy as well, but nothing is a genuine victory that fails to accomplish the best results, and that is why one may question the abolishment of the canteen. So far as the Dixie was concerned there was no canteen on board of her, and what I have said in reference to that question has nothing to do with our little story. As I have said, I was digressing in order to express myself in behalf of the sailors and soldiers, who are seldom given a chance to express themselves about matters pertaining to their comfort and pleasure whilst in the service of their country, and having done so briefly I will now return to our boys and the Dixie on their way to Porto Rico.

After spending a day and a night at St. Thomas we steamed out of the harbor and returned to Ponce where we spent several days picking up a few Spanish words now and then from the natives. I think, as a whole, our crew got more enjoyment out of our stay at Ponce than we had at any other period of the war, at least during our stay in West Indies.

When we left Ponce we went directly back to

Guantanimo. Whilst on our way we met with the Yankee which was also going to Guantanimo and we had a lively race to see which of the two ships would get there first.

The Dixie kept in the lead for several hours and was gaining on her opponent when Captain Brownson played a Yankee trick on us by chasing down a steamer which passed within speaking distance of us flying the English flag. It was not reasonable to presume that this strange steamer was a prize, but it was reasonable to make her the excuse for getting beat, and that was just the trick the Yankee played on us. We beat her, "but it was because we did not keep on," says the Yankee boys.

I have already said something about our first trip into Guantanimo Bay and the beautiful picture which our many ships presented lying there together. When we returned we found but few, if any changes in this remarkable scene. The war was now practically over, and we had nothing to do but to wait for orders to return home, but even waiting in Guantanimo Bay was not a pleasant duty where nothing could be seen but a mountain on one side and a swamp on the other and but few places to visit. But some of our officers visited Santiago. In fact, all of them I think, but there was nothing for the privates to do except to take some short trips up the bay in the Dixie's sailing launches; often some of our boys would go as far as Fort Caimenaro, which

was the only civilized looking spot that eye could behold from the position of our ships. It was whilst we lay in view of this fort that Captain Davis conceived the idea of taking from it on old bronzed cannon for a relic, and he sent Cadet McCarty with a sufficient number of men to negotiate with the proper authorities for obtaining the gun. Mr. McCarty did not readily succeed in obtaining the coveted relic, however and returned to the ship without it.

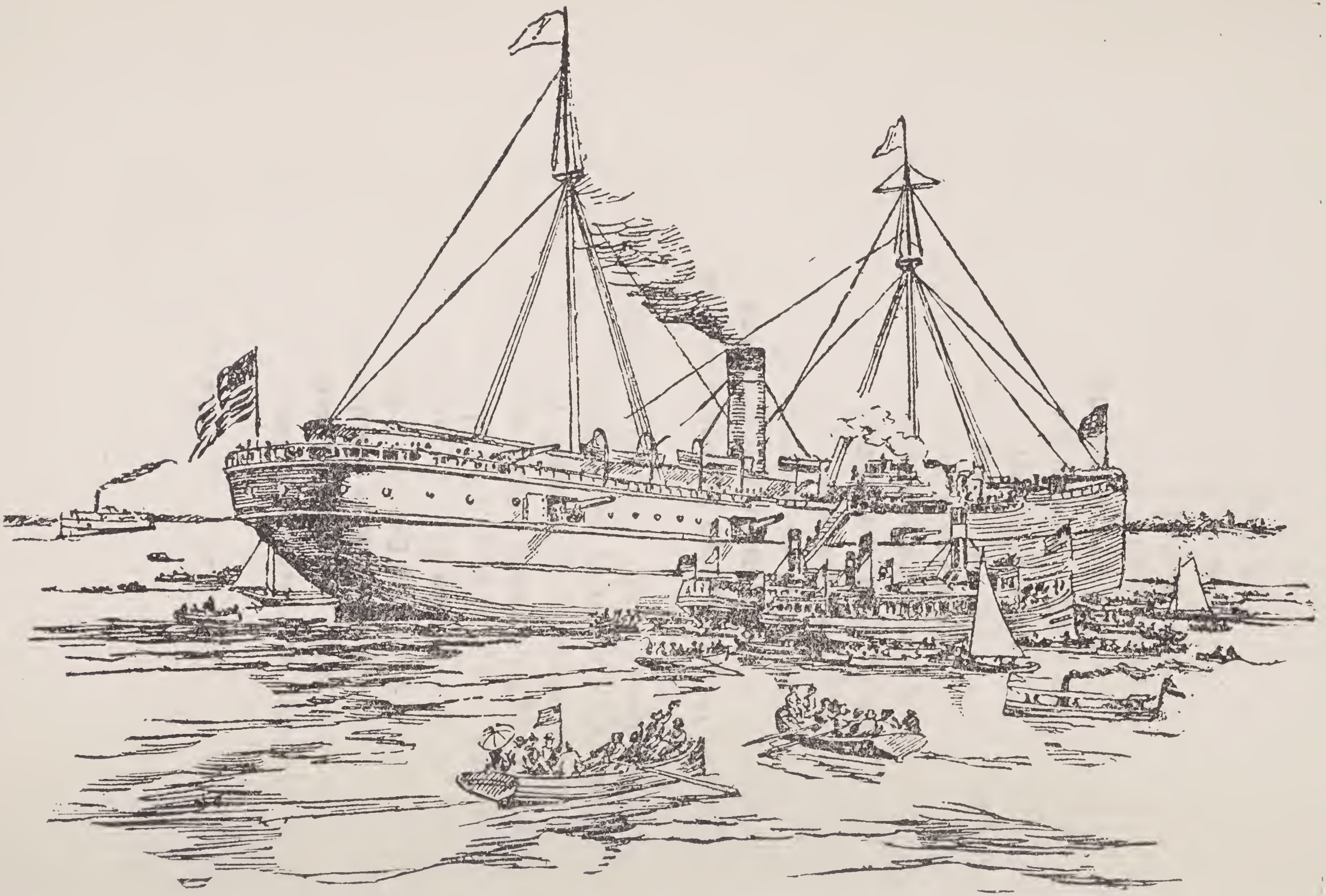
Captain Davis' idea was to take a good relic back with him to Baltimore as a present and memento from the Dixie, which was manned by the Baltimore naval reserves, and he did not give up the idea of getting the cannon, for he sent Mr. McCarty the second time with a note to the officer in charge of Fort Caimenaro, making a strong appeal for the gun. This time he was successful and the old Spanish gun will be a lasting monument to our boys who served in that war and to all Marylanders.

Whilst we were laying in Guantanimo a rumor was current that a Spanish officer had escaped from Havana with several million dollars on an outgoing steamer. The Dixie and several other ships were privileged to put to sea for the purpose of capturing this large treasure. We cruised about on the northern coast of Cuba for 48 hours and returned for the third time to our miserable hovel, Guantanimo Bay, where we melted in the tropics for nearly two weeks, when the order

came at last for the Dixie to return to the United States. Hurrah for Cuba Libre!

The Dixie had done her part well in this noble cause. The Maine had been avenged and the oppressed rescued. The good old State of Maryland had won honor and distinction through her organization of Naval Reserves of Baltimore City. We arrived at Old Point Comfort on the 28th day of August, the cleanest ship that had ever entered that port—so said the quarantine officer—from whence we proceeded to Baltimore where we were met by the Mayor and thousands of people all anxious to give some expression of joy and appreciation concerning us.

The next day after our arrival at Baltimore, there was a public demonstration, a street parade and banquet, all in our honor, and I am sure all of the Dixie's crew will remember the hearty welcome which was given them on their joyful return home. I suppose more than half of our crew was mustered out in Baltimore where they were glad to remain with loved ones at home, and the remainder went with the Dixie to Philadelphia, where she entered the League Island Navy Yard and soon afterwards all of her crew received their certificates for honorable services, and returned to their several homes rejoicing because the Angel of Peace was once more hovering over our Nation.



Arrival of the Dixie in Baltimore harbor after the war.

RECAPITULATION.

The Maryland Naval Reserves was organized by Captain Emerson of Baltimore. It was a purely patriotic spirit which prompted him to form the organization, and little did he think when he formed it that our Government would call for the services of his men in so near a future. But he was and is a man who looks ahead and plans for the future Captain Emerson, in forming the Naval Battalion of Baltimore, proved the wisdom of the time-honored proverb: "In time of peace prepare for war."

It was at first anticipated by many of the regular naval officers from the Annapolis Academy to have considerable trouble in training and disciplining the Reserves, who had in many cases never been to sea. And no one will question the reasonableness of this apprehension on their part when everything is taken into consideration.

The Navy was not going to sea on a picnic cruise, neither to pay a friendly visit to a foreign country. It was going to war. This was a most critical moment for our brave officers, and the moment when the very best material in the person of seamanship was needed, and justly expected by those who were to command fighting ships. But experience has taught us that what we mostly need in America is patriotic organiza-

tions for the defense of the Government in times of great emergencies. The experience of these organizations as soldiers and sailors may be indeed very limited at the outbreak of hostilities, yet in our glorious Republic we need not be alarmed at this, since it has been proven that true patriotic organization for the defense of the country is more powerful than disciplined armies in maintaining and preserving the honor and dignity of the Government. The Maryland Naval Reserves did lack many requirements of seamanship, but what they lacked in that particular was made up in full by their spirit of patriotism and by their eagerness to do their full duty for the sake of their country's honor. Of course, there were some indolent ones among our Reserves, and the same is true of the regulars in both the Army and Navy. There are some men in the regular Army and Navy who are as incorrigible to military discipline as some children are to good behavior at home. But it is not our intention to waste time with the unfaithful at this writing. Our object is to give honor to those to whom honor is due, and when we have done this the United States Volunteers will be placed in the foremost ranks of our country's protectors and mighty will they be as its defenders.

Our Naval Reserves proved their ability to go aboard a warship, and under a good and efficient commander, a careful, energetic and patient executive officer, master every difficulty which

usually confronts a warship's crew in the time of war. Is not the fact here demonstrated that in time of peace our great warships need but a sufficient number of men aboard to keep them in good trim until it be necessary to call the volunteers out to fight? The same suggestion may be applied to our Army. Why keep a big standing army in times of peace when our volunteers prove themselves invincible in time of war?

Why burden the people with these unnecessary expenses? It seems to be unnecessary to tax the people in order to keep large armies and crowded warships in time of peace, since the National Reserves are found to be equal to all emergencies when it becomes necessary for our Republic to go to war.

Let us look at some plain facts. The Dixie began her career with novice seamen. It was necessary to put them under a most severe course of training which was done, but this did not thwart them. Like true Americans they put their hearts to it and began to learn the fundamental principles of warfare on board a ship, and it is well known that they did learn them. Good marksmanship is by far the most essential feature of war and this feature was one with which our boys had but little knowledge at the time of boarding our ship, but after four weeks of consistent target practice I can say without successful contradiction that no ship in our Navy had a better set of gunners than those who composed a part of our ship's company.

So far as other requirements are concerned, it is enough to say that when the Dixie returned home after the war was over she sailed into port possibly the cleanest and best preserved ship of any in the world. Then our men were no longer novice seamen, for this cannot be said of a ship manned by ordinary seamen. Too much consideration cannot be given to our volunteer Army and Navy as they exist in their organized form, "National Guard" and "Naval Reserve." They should be provided with every source of practical information in the rudiments of warfare, the same as the regular sailors and soldiers receive. Would it be unwise to provide each battalion in every state with an instructor from the Army and Naval academies, and to pay each man a small salary during the annual vacation, for regimental drills? This, it appears would put a more business like tone to the National Guard phalanx, and would not have the appearance of a huge summer picnic and excursion party. Nothing can be said against our volunteer officers, except that they lacked practical experience, and some instruction in the minor details of service. Lieutenants Blunt and Smith, to whom were given charge of onr prizes, to bring home; certainly proved themselves reliable and equal to the task. Lieutenant Smith had command of the steamer, Greenan Castle, and Lieutenant Blunt Captained the Isabelle. Referring to these particular instances, we can go so far as to say that we sent two of our prizes home in charge of able-

bodied seamen, (privates) in fact the Dixie's crew did all that was required of them, and could have done just what any of the other ship's crew did under similar circumstances. No ship in the service had two better engineers, than ours, in the person of Mr. Paul and Mr. Powell; both of these gentlemen were volunteers. Special mention may also be made of Lieutenants W. M. Goodrich, Coyle, and Murdock, as good and dutiful officers. Mr. Coyle was the Captain's secretary. As to Drs. Heiskell and McKimm; the records must be closely searched to find where two naval doctors have maintained better health among a crew of three hundred and thirty seamen, who had been so suddenly transported to a strange and different climate, from that which they had been life long accustomed. If memory serves me right upon this occasion, we sent three sick men home aboard the Yale while we were waiting for orders at Guantanimo bay; the most serious of any case among these three was, that of a seamen, who had received internal injuries by a fall, another case was that of the ship's clerk, who was supposed to have had the consumption, still another, who had the gout. But this man, who had the gout was an old seamen, who served on the Montgomery in the civil war, and he must have contracted the gout at that time when food was rich and plentiful in the Navy. I am told that our soldiers were served to "salt horse" and beans during the civil war, but it was just

the reverse in the late Spanish-American war, we were served to beans and "salt horse." On the latter occasion we had some side dishes, but they were usually all boiled in one pot, and at the same time.

Upon our arrival at Hampton Roads, in the latter part of August, we had a clean book of health, so much so that the quarantine officer remarked "Captain your ship is clean enough to tie up to the wharf," and indeed we were allowed to go ashore for fresh supplies, that very evening. After summing up everything, which has any particular bearing upon our cruise, we may well ask could any more have been expected of us? And is there any to find fault with this little volume's narrative of our performances? If so, you are only justified in charging the writer with not having been able to write the details of our cruise in a manner, which gives the good ship Dixie and her gallant crew full justice.

THE END.

OFFICERS OF THE DIXIE.

COMMANDER CHAS. HENRY DAVIS.

Commander Charles Henry Davis is widely known on account of his scientific work, on which he has spent much of his time since his graduation from the Naval Academy. He is a native of Massachusetts and was appointed to the academy from that State in 1861, graduating in 1865, the last year of the civil war.

His first cruise was on the old frigate Colorado which was on the Mediterranean station, under Admiral Goldsborough. From 1867 to 1870 he was on the frigate Guerriere and the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, on the Brazilian station. In 1872 he went to the Pacific on the steam sloop-of-war Omaha, and also saw service on that station on the Pensacola.

Upon his return he was assigned to duty at the Naval Observatory at Washington, where he took up the study of practical astronomy. He remained there until 1877, and from 1877 to 1885 he was engaged in scientific work and had charge of several expeditions sent out by the Government to determine differences in longitudes by the exchange of time signals over submarine cables, This had never before been attempted, and was made practicable at that time by the general extension of submarine cables over the world. It was a study that was particularly attractive to Commander Davis, who was then a lieutenant, as it was in line with his previous

scientific work. It took him all over the world —to the islands of the Philippine group, to India, China, Japan and Siberia, and all along the coast of Europe.

In 1885 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-commander, and that severed his connection with the scientific expeditions. He was put in command of a training squadron, composed of the Saratoga, Jamestown and Portsmouth. In 1888 he was put in command of the old ship Quinnebaug, of the Mediterranean squadron, which ship he brought home and put out of commission in 1889. From that time until 1892 Commander Davis was chief intelligence officer of the Navy Department, and during 1891-92 he was general inspector of the cruiser Montgomery, which was building at the Columbian Iron Works, Baltimore. After her completion he took command of her, and for two years he was in her, with Admiral Bunce's North Atlantic Squadron. He was very fond of the ship, which he says was an excellent vessel in every respect.

He left the Montgomery in 1896 to become a member of the general inspection board, of which Admiral Dewey, then captain, was president. As a member of this board he conducted the speed trials of the cruiser Brooklyn, the battle ship Iowa and the gunboats built at Newport News and Bath, Me. He remained a member of the board for a year, and in July, 1897, he was appointed superintendent of the Naval Observatory, where he had spent so much time in study.

When the war with Spain broke out, Commander Davis wanted a chance to do some fighting, and was assigned to the command of the Dixie, the finest and most heavily armored of the auxiliary cruisers.

Commander Davis is married and has three children. His home has been in Washington since he left the Naval Academy. He is a charming man personally, loved by those who know him best. He wears a closely cropped beard, which, like his mustache, is iron gray. It is said of him that while he is a strict disciplinarian, he is extremely considerate of every officer and man under him.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER MERRIAM.

The executive officer of the ship, the man next in authority to the commander, is Lieut. Greenleaf A. Merriam, a native Marylander. He was born in Baltimore in 1849 and is a son of Mr. Henry A. Merriam, of the old Baltimore firm of Brooks, Tibballs & Fulton.

He was educated in the public schools of Baltimore and at Marblehead, Mass., where he went when a youngster. Mr. Merriam was appointed to the Naval Academy from Massachusetts in July, 1866, and was graduated four years later. His first naval service was on the old frigates Macedonia and Savannah. Since that time he has been almost constanly at sea, although his last duty was at the Naval Academy, where he was assistant to the superintendent. On April 16 last he was ordered to report for duty on the Dixie and arrived at Newport News on the 18th.

Mr. Merriam's home is at Annapolis. He is married and his wife is at the Maryland capital. He has been of a wonderful amount of service to the Maryland Naval Malitia officers on the Dixie, and every one of them is ready to swear by him.

NAVIGATOR DOYLE.

Lieut. Robert M. Doyle, navigator of the Dixie, has a number of friends in Baltimore, many of whom were made during the memorable visit of the cruiser Baltimore to the city whose name she bears in 1890.

He was born in the western part of Tennessee, and was appointed to the Naval Academy from that State in 1870. His first service was as midshipman on the Marion in the Mediterranean and later on the training-ship Minnesoto. He was promoted to be ensign in 1876, and transferred to the Vandalia, which was wrecked later in the great hurricane at Samoa. Afterward he served three year's on the home station, and in 1882–83 was at the hydrographic office at Washington. A three-years cruise on the Galena in the North Atlantic squadron followed, and was in turn followed by a term of three years at the Naval Academy as instructor in modern languages.

Mr. Doyle's next assignment was to the cruiser Baltimore, which had just been completed, and he was in her when she came to Baltimore to let the people see what she was like. Mr. Doyle made a cruise of forty-one months on her and thinks she is one of the best ships in the navy. During his service on her she took the body of John Ericsson, the inventor of the monitor, to Sweeden for burial. She went to Stockholm and Copenhagen, then to the Mediterranean, and when the revolution broke out in Chili, she was ordered there. Mr. Doyle was on board when the memorable fight took place on shore between the Baltimore's sailors and the mob in Valpariso, in which two of the sailors were killed and which nearly resulted in war between the two countries.

Commodore Schley, the captain, was commander of the ship.

When detached from the Baltimore, Mr. Doyle was sent back to the Naval Academy to become instructor in seamanship, naval construction and tactics. He remained there until 1896, when he was ordered to the battleship Texas. After a year on her, he was sent to the schoolship Alliance as navigator, where he remained until ordered to the Dixie on April 18.

LIEUT. SAMUEL M. BLOUNT.

The senior officer of the naval militiamen is Lieut. Samuel M. Blount, who took the first detachment of the Dixie detail to Norfolk. He is a North Carolinian and a typical Southerner—refined, gentle and generous.

He was born October 25, 1864, in Washington, N. C., and is a son of Dr. W. A. Blount, who served as a surgeon for the four years of the civil war in Fourth North Carolina Cavalry. Lieut. Blount was educated at Trinity School, Chocowinity, N. C., and at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, which he entered in 1886. He studied law at the university and graduated in 1891. He stopped in Baltimore on his way from the World's Fair in 1893, and then decided to make Baltimoré his home. After studying Maryland law in the office of Rich & Bryan, he opened an office and began to practice on his own account, but gave up his practice in 1896 to become general agent for Maryland of the Home Life Insurance Company of New York.

Soon after Mr. Blount came to Baltimore, he was elected junior lieutenant of the first division of the Maryland Naval Militia. When the

second division was formed he was elected first lieutenant and put in command of it. He was later elected lieutenant-commander, but resigned that office and was elected navigator and ordnance officer.

Before coming to Baltimore Mr. Blount was captain of Company G, First North Carolina Regiment. He is a close friend of Commander Emerson and Executive Officer Geer, of the Maryland Naval Militia.

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT SMITH.

Junior Lieutenant Layton F. Smith is next in rank to Lieut. Blount. He was born in Baltimore November 24, 1871. His father was Geo. C. Smith, a jeweler, who died when he was nine years old. His mother was Miss Eliza Lee Burrows, of Culpeper, Va

Mr. Smith was educated at St. Paul's Boys' School. He is a civil engineer, and for two years was on the engineering corps working in the Belt tunnel. When that work was completed he entered the office of Mr. Frederick H. Smith, engineer of bridges for Baltimore, and snperintended the construction of the Stony run viaduct of the City and Suburban Railway, the Colgate's creek bridge, the Maryland Avenue bridge over Jones' Falls, the Edmondson Avenue bridge and the Wilkens Avenue bridge. For the last three years he has been assistant city engineer in charge of bridges. He is a graduate of the mechanical department of the Maryland Institute.

Four years ago he entered the Naval Militia as seaman, six months later was promoted to be quartermaster; for two years he was ensign, and for a year had been lieutenant in charge of Di-

vision. He came down to the rank of junior lieutenant in order to get service on the Dixie.

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT MURDOCK.

Junior Lieut. Davies Murdock is another of the Dale's officers who came down a grade in order to get in the Dixie's detail. He was born in Baltimore August 10, 1860, and was educated at Kinnear's School, Newton Academy and the City College.

For twelve years he was employed by the National Bank of Baltimore as runner, then clerk, and then book-keeper. He left the bank to go into the electrical business with the Baxter Co., the service of which he left to go with the Thompson-Houston Co., which he represented in Baltimore until that company and the Edison Electric Company consolidated, forming the General Electric Company, into whose service he entered as Baltimore agent.

Mr. Murdock joined the Naval Militia two years ago as captain's aide. Later he was elected junior lieutenant of B division, and some time afterward was put in command of A division as lieutenant.

ENSIGN COYLE.

Ensign Peter T. Coyle was Commander Davis' clerk, and was very proud of his position, bringing him as it did into very close relations with his chief. He was born in Baltimore, June 26, 1872. He joined the Naval Militia in March, 1895, as a seaman, and two months later was elected ensign of A division. For about a year he had been junior lieutenant, but came down to ensign in order to get in the Dixie's detail.

ENSIGN GOODRICH.

Ensign Wm. McLenathan Goodrich was born at Middletown, Conn., Oct. 15, 1874. He came to Maryland from Atlanta, Ga., and entered the Naval Militia in January, 1897, as a seaman. Three weeks later he was elected an ensign. He has traveled all over the West.

ENSIGN JACOBS.

Ensign Benjamin F. Jacobs, jr., is by birth a seaman, having first seen the light at sea. He was born in 1867 on board the American ship Merrimac of Portsmouth, N. H., of which his father was captain. He continued at sea with his parents until he was twelve years old, when he went to Portsmouth to go to school.

Mr. Jacobs lived in Portsmouth until 1881, when he went to sea again on his father's ship. For three years he was first officer of the Dixie, which was then the El Rio, of the Morgan Line. When the Government bought the El Rio Mr. Jacobs was offered a commission as acting ensign on board of her which he accepted. As the ship was manned by the Maryland Naval Militia, he was first commissioned an ensign in that organization.

SURGEON HEISKELL.

Dr. Sydney O. Heiskell, former quarantine physician for Baltimore, was the surgeon of the Dixie and ranks as first lieutenant. He was born in Washington, D. C., January 12, 1853. Special mention of his service is mentioned elsewhere.

ASSISTANT SURGEON M'KIM.

Ensign Smith Hollins McKim was assistant

surgeon of the Dixie. He joined the Naval Militia as assistant surgeon. He was born in Baltimore Nov. 30, 1872.

PAYMASTER COOK.

Paymaster Parker Cook ranks as lieutenant. He was born in Baltimore Feb. 16, 1874. He was secretary to Commander Emerson before joining the Dixie detail. In 1894 he entered the militia as paymaster's clerk under the late Gabriel Duval and was appointed assistant paymaster when James Payne resigned that office recently. He was appointed paymaster a short time before being assigned to the Dixie.

CHIEF ENGINEER PAUL.

The Dixie's chief engineer is Mr. Robert S. Paul, a Philadelphian, who has been chief engineer of the ship ever since she left the yard in 1893, and has been on every one of her 87 voyages between New York and New Orleans. He has been a licensed engineer for twenty-four years and is forty-four years old. He ranks as lieutenant. He was in charge of the El Rio's engines when she made her famous voyage of four days, four hours and five minutes, dock to dock, from New York to New Orleans, and on her trip of three days, twenty hours and thirty-seven minutes from New Orleans to New York.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER POWELL.

The youngest officer in the Maryland contingent is Ensign H. Todd Powell, the assistant engineer. He was born in Baltimore Oct. 23, 1876. On Feb. 4, 1897, he was promoted to be assistant engineer and ensign.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER BROWNE.

Richard P. Browne, second assistant engineer of the Dixie, has been on her ever since she was built. He joined the Naval Militia as ensign and received a commission for that rank from the Government. He is 36 years old, was born in Belfast, Ireland, and has been an assistant to Mr. Paul four and a half years.

LIEUTENANT HAINES.

The Dixie's marines are in charge of First Lieutenant Henry C. Haines, who was one of the most popular officers on the ship. He was born at Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., of which his father, Gen. T. Haines, U. S. N., was commandant.

He was educated at the Naval Academy, being appointed at large and graduating in 1881. His class was the first one affected by the law of 1882 which provided that only enough of the graduates of the academy be retained in the service of the Government to fill vacancies in the various branches of the service. Mr. Haines chose the Marine Corps. The First cruise he made was as midshipman in the old ship Essex. He afterward made cruises in the Lancaster and the Essex as marine officer, and was stationed at various times at the Barracks at Washington, Boston and Port Royal.

NAVAL CADET LODGE.

Acting Cadet George Cabot Lodge, of the Dixie, is a son of U. S. Senator Lodge and a nephew of Commander Davis. His home is at Nahant, Mass., and he was educated principally at Harvard.

PETTY OFFICERS AND CREW.

Chief Master-a t- Arms, J. M. Austin.
Chief Gunner's Mate, L. C. Swain.
Chief Quartermaster, W. E. Glenn.
Chief Carpenter's Mate, Patrick H. McCall.
Chief Yoeman, (equipment.) W. A. Turner.
Paymaster's Yoeman, Harry G. Poutres.
Engineer's Yoeman, C. M, Morfit.
Ship's Writer, George F. Carey.
Chief Machinist, Chas. C. Constantine.
Milton W. Boyd.
George J. Lawrence.
Boatswain's Mate, John Lund.
1st class Gunner's Mate and Chief Electrician Wm. H. Kirwan.
1st class Gunner's Mates R. F. Rooney, Elmer H. Kirwan.
Apothecary, Charles F. Scherf.
First-class Machinists, Christian F. Schlutter Jas. A. Rittenhouse.
Plumber, G. B. Erich.
Bagman, J. T. Poyner.
Marion Lindsay.
First-class Boatswain's Mate, Harvey Brunt, Benj. Farinholt.
Second - class Gunner's Mate, M. J. O'Neil, C. R. Niquet, Thos. A. Henderson.
Gunner's Mates, 3d class W L. Lightbecker, J. R. Howard, E. J. Gallagher,
Quartermaster, 2d class, Edward Castle.
Quartermaster, 3d class, Geo. Deppell.
Coxswains, Arthur Stanley Pattison, W. H. Wood, J.A. Martindale, C. H. Wheeley, Chas. Stone, J J. Pendergrast
Oilers, C. E. Mullen, D. H. Caulk, W. N. Stowell, John Cronin.
Boilermaker,F. A. Smith
Water tenders, William Davis, Bernard McMahon, C. J McNaughton
Blacksmiths, Sam'l McClean, R. H. Robasson
Coppersmith, E. M.Horn
Second - class Yeoman, C. W. Owens.
Bugler, Chas. S. Lewis.
Cabin Cook, Moses H. Harod.

Sailmaker, James J. McDonald.
Shipwright, Harry R. Raymond.
Cabin Steward, Wm. C. Payne.
Wardroom Steward, J. J. Gaveghen.
Wardroom Cook, J. H. Smith.
Ship's Cook, A. Brown.
R. Toogood, (4th class)

SEAMEN.

Charles S. Auzman.
Isaac D. Boyd.
Harvey Brunt.
Harry S. Bowman.
Ziba F. Bowman.
Charles E. Battenfield.
Joseph M. Bruen.
Charles M. Bowers.
Charles G. Blaney.
Thomas A. Congleton.
Henry S. Courtney.
Walter Lee Carter.
Charles W. Cherry.
Walter W. Connolly.
Charles E. Donohue.
George A. Durst.
George Deppel.
George W. Grief.
Wm. E. Goodrich.
Joseph A. Gatch.
Robert Greenfield.
Easter Jos. Gallagher.
Albert J. Gorsuch.
Charles D. Nerget.
George Haase.
Curtis T. Hudson.
Emil Hansen.
Samuel Wilmer.
Ernest Wahl.
James Kichen.
John R. Howard.
William B Jennings.
George W. G. Kappel.
John Lyons, Jr.
Wm. M. Seibold.
Theodore J. Lighthiser.
Wallace A Martindale.
Cora Milliard.
Rutherford S. Maideis.
Lewis R. Medcalf.
Harvey J. Meyer.
James M Macneal.
Roy G. Ozman.
Phillip T Potter.
Herman J. Rausch.
Charles A. Reinhardt.
Roland Scherer.
Wm. F. Sultzer.
Charles W. Smith.
Eckhard Scholtz.
Benjamin Schloer.
Charles Stone.
John W. Schlobecker.
H. E. Vannerson.
George Wahl.
Charles H. Wheeley.
Francis B. Voyle.

ORDINARY SEAMEN.

W. G. Allen.
Otto B. Baumann.
Thomas M. Butter, jr.
Joseph Banks, jr.
Edward I. Costello.
Henry Conrad.
Maurice A. Costello.
John Conway.
Joseph F. Carroll.
August Denenoult.
Thomas I Duvall.
George J. Dorn.
Frederick Fritz.
Thomas J. Flaherty.
James Lee.
Thos. A. Henderson.
William Lee Hubbard.
Charles Herbert.
John G. Heinlein.
Fred Kaufman.
Fred H. Lohmeyer.
Lyman J. Laughton.
Thomas. H. McGary.
John W. McClain.
Chas. S. McCollum.
Thomas McSweeney.
Fred Meyers.
Walter H. Melvin.
Geo. R. Marks.
Thomas J. Nappel.
Chas. A. Nelson.
Clarence Weems.
Wm. H. Poehler.
Milton Poiitzer.
William A Poulton.
Chas. F. Ruby.
Alfred Rivers.
Frederick C. Roth.
William L. Rierner.
Herbert B. Swindell.
George T. Scones
William T. Stevens.
George V. Stevenson.
James F. Stahl.
Eugene R. Stagmer.
Robert R. Stagmer.
Thomas L. Townsend.
Wm. J. Trautwein.
William Young.
Joseph E. Watson.
Thomas C. Welch.
Harry S. White.

LANDSMEN.

C. w. Ashmore.
Geo. O. Briggs.
Joseph H. Browning.
Joseph E. Bentz.
Conrad Beisterman.
Charles Beck.
John Bechtold.
G. S. Beckenbaugh.
Joseph A. Challou.
Frank L. Derr.
Edward Dill.
Walter W. Davis.
Herman Fluegal.
Walter H. Frederick.
Ellis Fox.
F. C Feldhaus.
Charles D. Germroth.
John H. Gorderman.

Edw. D. Harbaugh.
Earl W. Hewitt.
Joseph Hefferan.
John A. Holton.
Geo. W. Hamilton.
Frank W. Hamill.
Louis R. Haase.
Charles D. Hayes.
John T. Howard.
Wm. Raukle Ittner.
Frank B. Kesmodel.
Geo. F. Krantz.
Wm. L. Kirminett.
John J. Lavender.
Charles S. Lues.
Charles S. Lewis.
George W. Lyttle.
Harry C. Mattern.
Milton D. Mettee.
William McCloskey.
Robert S. Murray.
Neilson E. McClure.
Herman Mashmeyer.
Edward C. McCulley.
Joseph Mauler.
Charles G. Luers.
Harry E. Richter.
William Russell.
Vincent Scuully.
Charles E. Scully.
Michael Smith.
John Schroeder.
Louis Spanoli.
George J. Schultz.
Herman Schlufter.
John w. Tragesser.
william w. walker.
Horace G. wilson.
Louis walther.

FIREMEN.

James Bradley.
Chas. C. Chambers.
Francis P. Crane.
Jaseph Connors.
Thomas J. Dougherty.
Alfred Dame.
James Donohne.
William Davis.
John F. Dolan.
Frike Flaherty.
John J. Fahey.
Thomas Frizzell.
Wm. J. Fitzpatrick.
John C. Griffin.
Wm. M. Garrett.
John Gavin.
George E. Ittner.
Patrick H. Lackey.
Chas. E. Mullin.
William N. Stowell.
John P. Meginney.
Bernard McMahon.
Chas. J. McNaughton.
Chas. O. Nelson.
David O. Ryder.
Patrick F. Riley.
John Reese.
Howell Royston,
William T. Taylor.
Louis wise
Talbot white.

COAL PASSERS.

Joseph Patrick.
Fred Baker.
Hayes Cottrell.
John Casgrave.
John wesley.
Emanuel Frank.
Frank Rudolph.
Jacob G Kemp.
Geo. w. Kaufman.
John S. Manly.
Fielder Martindale.
Frank Litz.
Thomas Pendergast.
Francis w. Peyle.
Dennis P. O'Neil.
John J. Riley.
George Seidel.
Conrad H Schlutter.
James J. whalen.

MESS ATTENDANTS.

wm. H. Hayman, Alexander Marshall, Charles w. Redden, william J. Simpson

MARINES.

Sergeants—Dennis Horgan, James Kavanagh and Charles P. Hill.

Corporals—Richard Cameron. James Carroll, Harry E. Schultz.

Drummer—Albert Hawkins.

Fifer—Harvey Denner.

Privates—Edwin N. Appleton, wm. J. Breslin, Harrison D Bayer, John F. Carney, wm. conner, Edwin R. coraker, Michael M Devlin, Michael w. Eagan, Patrick Foley, Samnel I. Fisher, Dominick Garvin, william M. Grabill, John F. Holly, Jacob Halcomb, John O. Harris, Alfred Jay, Richard F. Kralisheck, Paul Kraft, John T. Kinzey, Anton Litzenburger, John D. O'Donnell, Frank E. Roberts, Thomas Schields, John Simpson, David Smith, Albert Stark. Frederick G. Smith, Louis F. Thies, Edward G. wolf, charles F. waterman, Philip c. warren and Robert Young.